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Editors: EDWARD SKILLIN, JR.
PHILIP BURNHAM (*now on duty with the armed forces*)
HARRY LORIN BINSSE, *Managing Editor;* MICHAEL WILLIAMS, *Special Editor;* C. G. PAULDING, *Literary Editor;* JOHN C. COER, *Associate Editor;* JOHN BRUBAKER, *Advertising Manager.*

Hog Wild

PRESUMABLY when these lines appear in print, Congress will have recessed. And it will have left behind it what, on balance, is a far from enviable record. Only the Senate has saved us from a complete mess. After the 1942 elections it became clear that the increased Republican minority in Congress either could cover itself with glory by acting as a responsible opposition or else could join with disaffected Democrats on a wrecking spree. It has preferred the latter course, and one can only hope that it will have to suffer the consequences. It is a peculiarly ominous sign of the times that Republican leadership has made a perfect hash of what was a golden opportunity. No matter how friendly he may be to the New Deal, every thoughtful American must regret that the only visible leadership of real caliber in the country seems to be a New Deal monopoly. For implicit in the best of our institutions is the necessity for a genuine two party system, with ability in *both* of the parties.

What has Congress actually succeeded in doing? There have been many soft spots in the Administration's management of the home front. The President himself has been stubborn and neglectful of this important sector. Yet he has provided some positive framework intended to achieve the ends which substantially all Americans are agreed should be the ends of our internal policy. They are relatively simple to state. Inflation must be avoided; strikes must be avoided; the exacerbation of race feeling must be avoided; a post-war "cushion" must be worked out. There are additional subsidiary and related ends: the public must be kept reasonably well informed on the progress of the war; prices of essential commodities must be kept stable; wages must be kept stable; both equity and ingenuity must be used in keeping the nation properly fed. Admittedly the Administration's record in achieving these ends has been far from perfect. Yet a great deal has been accomplished.

Congress, becoming more and more anti-New Deal, has listened gleefully to every criticism of what the Administration has done, and has grasped every opportunity to throw a monkey wrench into the machinery. This is unforgivable. Had Congress acted with some sense of responsibility and enacted new programs of its own to accomplish the ends which we are all agreed must be accomplished, the picture would be very different. Individuals might quarrel with the solutions Congress worked out, but at least no one could accuse the legislature of sabotage. This is precisely the accusation which patriotic Americans of all parties can reasonably bring against the almost wholly negative highjinks of the last several weeks. The technique is simple. You don't like one of the alphabetical agencies. You have not the courage to say outright that the problem the agency exists to solve is no problem. So all you do is cut down the agency's appropriation to the point where it can't do its job.

We do not believe that all this represents a subtle plot. There may be in public life men unprincipled enough to wish to discredit their political enemies by deliberately provoking such national catastrophes as inflation, widespread strikes and race rioting. But we cannot believe that there are many such. It looks rather as though we have grown in Congress a bumper crop of small-minded, half-pint politicians, and that at a time when a really wise opposition was desperately needed. There is only one way to repair the damage, and that is to make it abundantly clear to these gentlemen when they go home to their constituencies that whether or not you like the New Deal, you utterly abhor irresponsibility and shortsightedness and political conniving.

Cart Before Horse

ONE OF the happy effects of this war and the way it throws people of all persuasions together is a more general appreciation for Catholic values. Comradeship in a common cause is a sure way to

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wholehearted understanding. Then the eloquent statements of Pius XII, the fearlessness of many bishops in Germany and the occupied or satellite countries and other public manifestations have made it clearer that the Church stands for the inviolable personal dignity of the individual and the family, that in Christianity true democracy has its staunchest ally. There are dissenting voices, of course, which focus attention on authoritarian tendencies in certain Latin countries, but the democratic character of Christian social principles is now universally recognized.

There is one area, however, where Catholic teaching—indeed the age-old Judaeo-Christian tradition—is little understood even to this day. That is the field of marriage and sex, specifically the problem of artificial birth control. There are, of course, strong arguments—physiological, psychological, sociological—for the Catholic position. But it has always seemed to us that the only completely satisfying answer is religious. That is what makes our position all the more difficult for our fellow-Americans to understand. Decency and marital faithfulness are integral parts of the American family ideal, but the full sense of reverence is lacking in a nation where material comforts mean so much and half the population have no religious affiliation whatever. Pius XI has described this sense in *Casti Connubii*: "it is above all and before all needful that those who are joined in the bond of sacred wedlock should be wholly imbued with a profound and genuine sense of duty toward God, which will shape their whole lives and fill their minds and wills with a very deep reverence for the majesty of God." To understand what we mean by the natural law, to realize how awesome it is to collaborate with Our Creator in bringing into being another human creature with body and immortal soul, to comprehend the principal objectives of Christian marriage—and thus, in fact, to grasp the reasons for Catholic opposition to artificial birth control, one must see the question in relation to the whole Catholic view of life.

Yet there are times—and we are about to come to the immediate reason for these remarks—when birth control advocates put their case so badly, and reveal the workings of their minds so damagingly, that it might indicate to any American the unsoundness of their cause. That is indeed the case with Grace Naismith's "A Birth Control Pioneer Among Migrants" in the current *Reader's Digest*. It is the story of a "warm-hearted Southern nurse" who has lectured to 15,000 indigent women, personally instructed 6,000 in the use of contraceptive devices and set up 50 birth control centers in California. "Single-handed, she has brought desperately needed help to thousands." And she has introduced this practice even where there was originally revulsion at the idea due to instinctive appreciation of the natural law.

Here if ever is a case of putting the cart before the horse. Clearly it is the whole system of insecure migratory farm labor that is wrong. That is the evil which must be rooted out. To show needy mothers means of spacing their children or not having children so that they can work in the fields is no answer whatever to the plight of the Okies and Arkies. Thoughtful consideration of this admittedly extreme case should indicate to any man of good will the futility of birth control as a solution for our social problems.

An Appeal

THERE are two ways to fight communism. The red-baiter's way, the unintelligent way, is simply to oppose it—wildly, blindly, negatively oppose it. The intelligent, and effective, way to fight it is by removing those injustices without which no one would ever think about communism and, more specifically, by supplying those services, those alleviations of injustice, by which the comrades endear themselves to the working class, and by doing a much better job of it than they could ever do. We are hereby presenting an opportunity to fight communism in the effective way.

Regular readers of THE COMMONWEAL will remember an article in our May 14 issue by Paul Vignaux, educational director of the French Christian trade unions, who described the historical necessity for such unions in the labor movements of Europe, where anti-clericals have been so active. By no means was it suggested that they would be either advisable or necessary in this country. In France, however, the Christian unions have been a real power for good and by their determined resistance to Vichy and the nazis they have won the respect of every element among patriotic Frenchmen.

There are also French Christian unions in North Africa. They are under excellent, militant Catholic leadership and enjoy a considerable following among maritime, transport and civil service employees. For several good reasons, however, the dues revenue of these unions has been extremely low and they are therefore in immediate danger of collapse through lack of funds.

Ordinarily this might not seem important, but it should also be noted that some of the best labor organizers in the French Communist Party are now operating in North Africa, that they are amply supplied with cash, that they already dominate the CGT (General Confederation of Labor) in that area and that they are now laying the groundwork preparatory to an effort to take over the CGT in France proper. In fact, it may well be that the future of the whole French labor movement—and of France itself—is now being determined, not in the sessions of the DeGaulle-Giraud committee, but within the organized labor movement of French North Africa.

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There is an immediate need for $1,000. Contributions may be sent to John C. Cort, Treasurer, in care of THE COMMONWEAL.

Heart of Darkness

THERE will be no other weeks in the war like these weeks which have followed the victory in Tunisia. It is as if a war were over and we were about to enter another war. The ships which had carried our troops to Africa have returned carrying German and Italian prisoners. We have counted them, we have photographed them in the camps we have built for them, they are here in America. There are no more to be had from where they came. Africa is ours. There are no more towns to be stormed, no more lines to be broken.

There will be no more weeks like these in which we can count our gains and count our losses with nothing to disturb us while we are counting. There will be no more weeks like these after we have engaged the enemy on European soil.

Pantelleria is an island. When you have taken an island the fighting stops on the island. Sicily, Sardinia, Corsica are islands. If we occupy them fighting will stop. There will be a pause. If we take Elba there will be a pause and our officers can meditate on Napoleon. But if, like Napoleon, we land at Fréjus, but if we cross the narrow waters from Messina to Villa San Giovanni, but if we land at Calais, but if we land in Greece, there will be no pause, there will never be any pause again until the war is won. From the day on which we invade Europe our forces and the enemy forces must remain in contact and it will not matter what the name of the country is in which they struggle, it will not matter if we occupy Rumania, if we occupy Belgium, if all of Piedmont falls, or Provence, there will still be the remorseless contact between the armies until the end. And if we are fighting in Germany itself there will never be anything like the weeks that followed Africa, there will never be another pause, there will never be another island to occupy, there will never be another Africa conquered and a space between our troops and the enemy.

There has never been any space between the Russians and the Germans, never since the fighting began. There has never been any pause. There would not be so many Russian dead had there been a space, a pause. But there are the British, the Americans, the French. They are in England, in Africa, in Asia. There are the Poles, the Czechs, who are with our forces. The Baltic Sea, the North Sea, the Channel, the Atlantic, the Mediterranean, the Candian, the Aegean, the Sea of Marmora, the Bosphorus, the Black Sea separate them from the enemy. There are these seas, this space, and one is not used to thinking always of battleships on the seas, submarines under the seas, planes flying over the seas. When one looked at the map and saw the waters marked on it one thought of the color of the sea, the feel of the wind, the sand of the beaches, the feel of the water. At Ischia the sea was cool and then there was a place where the water was heated by some furnace in the earth under the sea and you would pass from the cool water into water that was as hot as a hot bath. When one looked at the map one remembered how the men of the Mediterranean rowed boats standing up pushing the oars, and the colored sails of the fishing boats out of Chioggia. The sea, no matter what sea, no matter on what land's end, what promontory one stood, led to an horizon and what lay beyond that horizon one knew, but only because men had traveled and had returned to tell. One stood in Europe facing Africa and one knew that Africa was beyond the sea but there would be a ship hull down on the horizon and beyond the horizon there was only great distance and the imagined desert.

The sea, the peaceful sea, the sea in storm, the wind blowing spray from the tops of the waves, the dark sea at night, the sea accepting the plunging sun at sunset, the sea reflecting the moon, the ever moving, the limitless sea lies between our troops and the enemy.

The sea can be crossed. The infantry, the artillery would not know how to cross the sea, maybe Eisenhower would not know how to cross the sea. But there is the Navy to tell them how to cross the sea. There are thousands of ensigns who have been studying navigation and they would know how it is done. There has been a great deal of preparation for this sort of enterprise. Long before Columbus. The Egyptians and the Greeks, the Romans, the Spanish, the Portuguese, the Scandinavians, the Bretons, Sir Francis Drake, the Basques, pirates, philosophers, mathematicians, fishermen, John Paul Jones—countless people have made such an enterprise possible and intelligible.

The sea will be crossed—at a given time, with troops starting from a given place in ships steering a given course to arrive at a given point. Not because the soldiers in Africa will one day go to the harbor and ask to hire a lot of rowboats because we want to go to Europe please, not because the members of their families who are in Iowa, in Tennessee, in Oregon will one day cable the soldier brother, the soldier son suggesting that he sail with his friends for Berlin or for whatever port is nearest, but because there is this extraordinary thing called government. There is this extraordinary system whereby someone decides.

When the sea is crossed there will be no more weeks like these in which we await the bulletin that will tell us, finally, that our hearts beat close against the heart of the enemy.

C. G. PAULDING.

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Higher Learning and Unity

By Jacques Maritain

PROFESSOR JOHN U. NEF recently published an essay, "The Universities Look for Unity,"[1] the importance of which must be particularly stressed. He touches with a penetrating and firm mind on the most crucial and painful point concerning the needs of contemporary education, and offers practical reforms of great interest. It is to be hoped that his inspiring suggestions will be thoroughly examined and discussed by university men aware of present-day problems. In tribute to this essay by Professor Nef, I have gathered in this paper considerations about the need for unity in the upbringing of man, taken from the Terry Lectures which I gave at Yale University some time ago and which will shortly appear in printed form.[2]

Education and teaching should never lose sight of the organic unity of the task to be performed, and of the essential need and aspiration of the mind to be freed in unity. If a man does not overcome the inner multiplicity of his drives and especially of the diverse currents of knowledge and belief and the diverse vital energies at play in his mind, he will always remain more a slave than a free man. Tears, sweat, and blood are needed for this all-too-difficult task of unifying our internal world. The school should help us in this effort, and not impair it and make it hopeless. The dispersion and atomization of human life are in our day the great distress of the adult world. Instead of opening itself more and more to this devastating dispersion, the school system at least should prepare us to surmount it, and provide our youth with a more fortunate world of its own, fitted to our spiritual demand and centered on unity.

Undoubtedly the tremendous multiplicity of the fields of knowledge, due to the very progress of modern science, makes the work of unification more difficult than ever. Yet a great symphony can and must have internal unity as well as a piece of chamber music. What is wanted here is nothing less than inspiration and vision.

In order to establish an organic and architectonic ordering of teaching, the prerequisite background is a sound philosophy of knowledge and of the degrees of knowledge, but the inspiring motive force is the vision embracing the whole practical dynamism of teaching. And toward what can such a vision be directed, except the very goal of this dynamism? And what is this very goal but wisdom? That knowledge we call wisdom, which penetrates and embraces things with the deepest, most universal and most united insights. Such a knowledge, which lives not only by supreme science, but also by human and spiritual experience, is over and above any field of specialization, for it has to do with realities which permeate each and every being and with aspirations which call to the very nature and freedom of man. It is in itself the highest value for the human mind. Education and teaching can only achieve their internal unity if the manifold parts of their whole work are organized and quickened by a vision of wisdom as the supreme goal, so as progressively to make youth capable of sharing to some degree in the intellectual and moral fruits of wisdom.

The purpose of elementary and higher education is not to make of the youth a truly wise man, but to equip his mind with an ordered knowledge which will enable him to advance toward wisdom in his manhood. Its specific aim is to provide him with the foundations of real wisdom, and with a universal and articulate comprehension of human achievements in science and culture, before he enters upon the definite and limited tasks of adult life in the civil community, and even while he is preparing himself for these tasks through a specialized scientific, technical or vocational training.

Such a universal and articulate comprehension of human achievements in science and culture, such a "music" of the wit, as Plato put it, takes shape in profoundly different ways on the several levels of education. In each of the great educational divisions which correspond to the main periods of the youth's life, from the years of childhood to the years of university and graduate study, we have to face a mental world of comprehensive universality which has only a proportional similarity with the mental worlds of other levels. The universality adapted to the young readers of fairy tales is of quite another nature than that fitted to the students reading Kant or Spinoza. Yet each educational stage deals with a comprehensive universality of its own, approaching little by little that of maturity, and at each stage education should be guided by the vision of the appropriate mental world of comprehensive or "symphonic" universality. And this vision should be communicated in

[1] John U. Nef. "The Universities Look for Unity." Pantheon Books. $0.50.

[2] "Education at the Crossroads." These excerpts are published with the kind permission of Yale University Press.

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some way to the ones who are taught, in order to make them realize the vital interest of their task and to give them inspiration and energy.

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We come now to the third and advanced stage in education. If, according to the European habit, we reserve the name university for higher learning in advanced and graduate studies, we might say that the aim of the university is to achieve the formation and equipment of the youth in regard to the strength and maturity of judgment and the intellectual virtues. As Cardinal Newman puts it, a university "is a place of *teaching* universal *knowledge*."

Yet, paradoxically enough, university teaching coincides with a definite specialization of studies. Each particular science and art demands a highly specialized training. And in our age, when such teaching does not deal, as in the Middle Ages, with the formation of an intellectual leadership essentially consisting of clerics, nor, as in the following centuries, with the formation of the potential members of the ruling classes, but deals, according to a more democratic pattern, with the formation of a much larger and more diversified mass of outstanding citizens of all ranks in the nation, it is suitable that actually all the arts and sciences, even those which concern the management of common life and the application of the human mind to matters of practical utility, should be embraced by the typical modern university. The latter would thus have its field of specialization multiplied still more, as well as the number and diversity of its courses, a very small part of which each particular student can attend. The university should nevertheless still keep its essential character of universality, and teach universal knowledge, universal not only because all the parts of human knowledge would be represented in its architecture of teaching but also because this very architecture would have been planned according to the qualitative and internal hierarchy of human knowledge, and because from the bottom to the top, the arts and sciences would have been grouped and organized according to their growing value in spiritual universality.

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Thus a first order of subjects would be concerned with the realm of useful arts and applied sciences in the broadest sense of these words, and with advanced studies in technical training, engineering, administrative sciences, arts and crafts, agriculture, mining, applied chemistry, statistics, commerce, finance and so on.[3]

A second order would be the realm of those practical sciences—practical either because they belong to the domain of art or because they belong to the domain of ethics—which, though covering thoroughly specialized fields, nevertheless relate to man himself and human life: medicine and psychiatry, for instance, and, on the other hand, law, economics and politics, education, etc.

A third order would be the realm of the speculative sciences and fine arts, in other words it would be concerned with the liberal arts proper and with that disinterested knowledge of nature and man and of the achievements of culture which liberates the mind by truth or beauty. At this point we find the immense chorus of the free workings of the spirit, mathematics, physics, chemistry, astronomy, geology, biology, anthropology, psychology, pre-history, archeology, history, ancient and modern literature and languages, philology, music, fine arts and so on. That is the very core of the life of the university and the very treasure of the civilized heritage. And this third order is to culminate in a fourth one, which is the highest animating center in the architecture of teaching, and which deals with those sciences that are also wisdom because they are universal by virtue of their very object and of their very essence: the philosophy of nature, metaphysics and the theory of knowledge, ethical philosophy, social and political philosophy, the philosophy of culture and of history, theology and the history of religions.

In such an ideal university, I see the diverse parts of the vast body of teaching divided into Institutes, each one possessing its own complex organization and being organically linked to the others, rather than into separate Departments or Faculties. The Institutes of the first order would compose a teaching City concerned with the technical means of human life, or with the practical domination and utilization of matter. Those of the second order would compose a City concerned with the means which deal with human life itself for its maintenance and improvement. The Institutes of the third order would compose a teaching City of pure knowledge concerned with the intellectual ends of human life which are reached by encompassing in the mind the manifold universe of nature and man and the achievements of human creative power. The Institutes of the fourth order would compose a teaching City of the higher and intrinsically universal knowledge, concerned with

[3] With regard to this first order of subjects, as well as to the second, it is to be emphasized that the reason for teaching such subjects in the university and the viewpoint from which they should be ordered and organized as part of the university curriculum must remain solely the *university of knowledge*. It is as parts of the manifold body of human knowledge and for the sake of (practical) truth that they have to be taught and organized. Everything would be warped if the aim, incentive, and dominating concern of the teaching were directed toward success in the experiences of life and in money-making. The students may take such motives into consideration when they choose to enter a given course of study. But the curriculum itself must be directed only toward a sound and comprehensive organization of universal knowledge, to be taught according to the internal and objective structure of the parts thereof.

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those intellectual ends of human life which are reached by grasping the trans-sensible realm of Being, Spirit, and Divine Reality, and the ethical realm of the aims, conditions, and rational ordering of human freedom and conduct.

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Obviously it is not enough that the universality of knowledge and the superior unity of intrinsically universal sciences be embodied in the general architecture of such teaching Cities. It is also necessary that in some measure they actually inspire the intellectual development of that living subject, the student, and become for him an integral part of him, whatever the special requirements of his course may be. Here we are confronted with the main duty and the main difficulty of university teaching.

The universe of thought we are contemplating in this last stage of formal education is in process of definite differentiation and formulation. Judgment and the intellectual virtues are no longer in the stage of preparation but in the stage of actual acquisition. And it is then, as I pointed out, that specialization necessarily occurs. The intellectual virtues acquired by one student are not those acquired by another, be it a question of techniques, useful arts, and applied sciences, or of practical sciences dealing with human life or of speculative sciences. The knowledge which has to develop during university years is knowledge in a state of a *perfected and rational grasping* of a particular subject matter. Truth, which is the mental atmosphere and the inspiring force needed more than ever, is henceforth an objectively circumscribed truth, speculative or practical, at which each of the diverse sciences and arts aims.

How is it possible to assure at this stage the universal inspiration and mental comprehensiveness of which I just spoke? An organic cooperation will be necessary between the diverse Institutes of the university; there will be required of each student, whatever his special training may be, a measure of general training in those subjects which constitute the very core of university life and with which our third and fourth orders of teaching are concerned. As a matter of fact, the use of technical means cannot be really profitable, nor the practical sciences be well directed without general enlightenment about nature and man. Medicine, public sanitation, psychiatry are extrinsically—law, sociology, economics and politics, pedagogy are intrinsically—subordinated to ethics and natural law, and the very truth of every knowledge bearing on human conduct implies sound judgment about the ends of human life, that is to say the actual knowledge of ethical and political philosophy, which in its turn presupposes metaphysics. These requirements proceed from the very objects on which knowledge shapes itself. Even the scientist, as well as the historian, the scholar and humanist, the artist, cannot dispense with some philosophical inspiration; they need philosophical instruction, at least in order to be aware of the exact value and legitimate extent of their own activities among others of the spirit.

As a result, each university student should be required to attend a certain number of courses in the teaching Cities of pure knowledge and universal knowledge. Part of these courses, for instance in science, history, ancient and modern literatures, or fine arts, would be a matter of free choice, according to the personal inclination of the student, and to the need for complement or contrast in his special training. Other courses should be required for all, namely general philosophy, ethical and political philosophy, the history of civilization.

But, as Professor Nef rightly points out, such a measure would remain insufficient if it were not completed by an organic structure embodying that sense of unity and universality which should pervade university life. Special committees, composed of professors belonging to various Institutes, should ensure regular cooperation between these Institutes, guide the work of the student and help him scrutinize the connections of his own particular subject with other and more universal fields of higher learning: for instance, the connections of physics, biology, psychology, or medicine with the history of the sciences, the history of civilization, the philosophy of nature, and the theory of knowledge; or the connections of economics, social science, law, education, or of literature and art, with the history of civilization, ethical and political philosophy, and the great metaphysical and theological problems. Thus would be facilitated "study and research in which several disciplines, now separated, would be combined both by students working for higher degrees and by mature scholars in their creative labors." And the knowledge of each one would be deepened and vitalized by the reexamination of the value, purpose and logical structure proper to the various disciplines vitally brought together in this way.

Professor Nef wisely observes that, in order to succeed in this progressive work of recasting, "unification could begin modestly, where the need for it appeared, between two or three subjects, considered in so far as possible in relation to philosophy and particularly to ethics." In connection with these remarks, the initiative taken by the Committee on Social Thought of the University of Chicago is to be pointed out. In order to have the Master's and Doctor's degrees prepared under its guidance, this interdepartmental committee combines in various ways courses of study such as social thought, historical fields (ancient Near Eastern civilizations, Far Eastern civilizations, medieval civilization, Renaissance civilization,

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eighteenth-century civilization, American civilization) and analytical and theoretical fields (anthropology and sociology, politics, economics, jurisprudence and ethics, education, psychology and human development).

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For reasons which it would be too long to discuss here, courses in theology, however important in themselves, would be a matter of free choice. Of course the question of theological teaching crops up with regard to the university as well as with regard to college education. Those who believe that God revealed to mankind His intimate secrets hold theology, or the rational development and penetration of the revealed data, to be in itself real knowledge in the strict sense of the term, though it is rooted in faith and grasps its object by means of concepts which are infinitely transcended and exceeded by it. In order to make philosophy autonomous, Descartes deemed it necessary to consider faith mere obedience, and to refuse to see any character of real knowledge in theology. Thus he threw out the baby with the bath water. I am convinced that one of the main tasks of our age is to recognize both the distinction and the organic relationship between theology, rooted in faith, and philosophy, rooted in reason, and now secure in its sought-for autonomy. For it is not likely, is it, that if God spoke, it was to say nothing to human intelligence? From this point of view, Newman was right in stating that if a university professes it to be its scientific duty to exclude theology from its curriculum, "such an Institution cannot be what it professes, if there be a God."

As for the many who do not share in these feelings about theology, they would nevertheless derive great advantage from theological instruction. They would gain horizons of highly rationalized problems thus opened up to them, and better understand the roots of our culture and civilization.

The practical aspect of the question offers no difficulty for denominational universities. It suffices to refer to the indisputable statements made on this subject by Dr. Gerald Phelan.[4]

In nondenominational universities, this theological teaching would be divided into Institutes of diverse religious affiliation, according to the student population of the university. Such teaching should remain thoroughly distinct from the one given in religious seminaries, and be adapted to the intellectual needs of laymen; its aim should not be to form a priest, a minister, or a rabbi, but to enlighten students of secular matters about the great doctrines and perspectives of theological wisdom. The history of religions should form an important part of the curriculum.

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By these changes and the consequent rediscovery of unity, we may attain a generation of university graduates who will not be lost in the labyrinth of positivism, but, despite differences of opinion, will all be related to a central pattern and heritage of culture, and aware of the resources of wisdom.

[4] "Theology in the Curriculum of Catholic Colleges and Universities," in "Man and Secularism" (National Catholic Alumni Association, New York, 1940), pp. 128-140.

The Strategy of Truth

What OWI sets out to do for us*

***By* Liam O'Connor**

TRUTH, it has been said, is the first casualty of war, and the propagandist is the assassin. According to this view, the propagandist is essentially a liar; he uses the lie to mislead the enemy, to deceive his own people, to secure the aid of neutrals and allies. He has one aim, as Goebbels puts it, "the conquest of the masses. Every means that serves this end is good."

Hitler is in full agreement with his Minister for Propaganda and Public Enlightenment. He believes that the propagandist should not only qualify as a liar but that he should be as big a liar as possible. Hitler's Principle of the Big Lie is stated in "Mein Kampf." There we read that it is a "very sound principle" that "a definite factor in getting a lie believed is the size of the lie . . . for the broad mass of the people in the primitive simplicity of its heart more readily falls victim to a big lie than to a small one."

The United States Government emphatically does not subscribe to this conception of the nature

* From an address given at the Annual Convention of the Catholic Press Association, Commodore Perry Hotel, Toledo, Ohio, Thursday, May 20, 1943.

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of the propagandist. It does not believe that a declaration of war necessarily implies a moratorium upon truth and an open season for specialists in the colossal lie. On the contrary, the Office of War Information was set up, in the language of Executive Order 9182, "in recognition of the right of the American people and of all other peoples opposing the Axis aggressors to be truthfully informed." The comment of Elmer Davis, Director of OWI, upon this Order is unequivocal: "We even intend to see to it that the enemy peoples are truthfully informed, because we believe the truth is on our side, not only as to the nature and issues of the war, but as to who is going to win it. We cannot profess that we are going to tell the whole truth, because some things must be held back on the ground of military security; but we are going to tell nothing but the truth, and we intend to see that the American people get just as much of it as genuine considerations of military security will permit. . . . Propaganda . . . is an instrument which may use truth or falsehood as its material, which may be directed toward worthy or unworthy ends. We are going to use the truth, and we are going to use it toward the end of winning the war. . . ." In short, we are determined to fight the enemy's strategy of lies with our strategy of truth.

But this is more than a conflict of strategies. Each of these strategies is based upon a philosophy of man. Those philosophies are radically opposed one to the other. Thomas Jefferson stated the conflict clearly: "Men by their constitution are naturally divided into two parties. Those who fear and distrust the people, and wish to draw all power from them into the hands of the higher classes. Secondly, those who identify themselves with the people, have confidence in them, cherish and consider them as the most honest and safe, although not the most wise, depository of the public interests. In every country these two parties exist, and in every one where they are free to think, speak and write, they will declare themselves."

The essential conflict, therefore, is between an illiberal conception of man and a liberal conception; between the fascist notion that the average man is a boob to be manipulated unscrupulously by an "élite," and the democratic idea that every man has the right to think his own thoughts, speak his own mind and live his own life—so long as he has a proper regard for the rights of others.

The fascists have not bothered to hide their contempt for the common man. Hitler's "Mein Kampf" states that "The intelligence of the masses is small, their forgetfulness is great." Goebbels echoes this opinion. "The ordinary man," he says, "hates nothing more than two-sidedness, to be called upon to consider this as well as that. The masses think simply and primitively."

It is true, as Thomas Jefferson pointed out, that the average man is not an intellectual giant. The average man himself would be the last to make any such pretension. But it is also true that the present limitations of popular thinking should by no means be regarded as final, unchangeable.

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It may well be asked, can this strategy of truth be concerned only with truth? Must there not be, in addition to appeals to the intelligence, appeals also to the emotions? Are such emotional appeals not demanded if effective action against the enemy is to be secured? And, are not such emotional appeals destructive of truth itself?

These are basic questions and they must be answered. We deal in facts, the facts which we and our Allies must have to understand this war and to bring it to a victorious conclusion. We deal also in the background information without which facts have little or no meaning. This material must be presented, not only at home, but to widely different publics abroad. Abroad we must assure the French intellectual, the Chinese businessman and the Filipino peasant that there are good reasons still to hope, good reasons still to fight on; we must convince neutrals and wavering satellites of the Axis that our cause is just and that it has the strength to prevail; we must speak to the nazi official in Berlin and the Japanese official in Tokyo and make them realize that a time of reckoning draws nearer every day. We have outposts in allied countries which handle the material sent from here and also supplement it with material which they prepare and distribute to neighboring areas. As the Director of OWI has pointed out, "By encouraging our Allies, convincing the neutrals, and sowing doubt and confusion among our enemies, they are making their contribution to the eventual victory of our armed forces."

In adapting our information to the cultural backgrounds of different groups we are following the excellent precedents set by Benjamin Franklin and by Woodrow Wilson. If we are to be sure that our message is understood by all peoples, if we are to be sure that the emotional values of this message of hope and defiance of aggression are properly appreciated, we must make these adaptations. Information which is not understood, which arouses no strong feeling, obviously cannot lead to action. But—and this is an all-important qualification—the emotional weight of our materials must never be permitted to destroy the accuracy or proper proportion of our information. Were this to happen, we should lose the confidence of those whom we wish to persuade, confidence which is vital to our successful operation. To a dealer in the truth even the appearance of telling a lie can be fatal.

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At home the situation is somewhat different. We are not speaking here to strangers, even to strangers bound to us by the brotherhood of arms but who none the less we must make some effort to understand. No, we speak here to our own, to our relatives and friends, to the members of that great household, the United States. Between members of the same household there is no need for carefully composed speeches. Simple words, plainly spoken, are enough. Indeed, any attempt on the part of any Government agency to "sell" the war to Americans by, for example, the crass methods of the circus barker, would be a monstrous impertinence. We have all made investments in this war, the investments of the flesh and blood of fathers and sons, of brothers and sisters. On far-flung battlefronts, from Guadalcanal to Kiska, from the British Isles to North Africa, these men and women are facing the enemy; they are enduring privation and wounds and disease. At this very moment some of them are dying. Others will return, later, broken in mind and mutilated in body. We who wait for news of those who are dear to us, we who live with them in our dreams though the distance of half the world divides us, do not need to be "sold" this war.

What we do need is the unvarnished truth, the truth which will help us to produce more tools of combat, grow more food, and sacrifice more of our time and energy and money so that our ultimate victory will be the more speedily assured.

An example or two may help to show more adequately how our strategy of truth differs from the enemy's strategy of lies. You will recall the agreement between Great Britain and ourselves in August, 1940, whereby British bases in this hemisphere were traded for some of our destroyers. Completely contradictory interpretations of this event were broadcast by the nazi radio to various audiences. The German home front was informed that the agreement proved the weakness of the British since, as the announcer put it, "They are selling out the Empire for scrap iron." The United States was told, however, that the deal was a sign of British strength, because it was in reality the beginning of a process by which we should revert to the status of a British colony. But this alleged United States weakness was transformed into United States strength for listeners in French Canada, in Latin America and in Great Britain: to the French Canadians and Latin Americans it was said that Yankee imperialism was now about to dominate the entire Western Hemisphere; to listeners in Britain went the charge that the United States was plotting to prolong the war by inadequate assistance in order that the British Commonwealth should at last become the United States Empire.

Here we have complete disregard for facts, for consistency, for honesty. There is no attempt at all to tell the truth, but merely a cynical use of whatever statement seems most likely to be in accord with the prejudices, the hopes and the fears of a given group. This is the principle of the big lie in actual operation.

Lies such as these are broadcast twenty-four hours a day from the short-wave stations of Germany, Italy and Japan. Each transmission is beamed at a definite target in the appropriate language or dialect. Let me give you a brief outline of how our strategy of truth is employed against this steady barrage of falsehood.

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We have a short-wave monitoring service which enables us, day by day, to keep tabs on what the enemy is saying. Foreign-language experts listen to his broadcasts, transcribe and summarize them. The transmissions are then classified and analyzed. Within a few hours of the original reception it is possible for us to expose the enemy's contradictions, distortions, admissions and omissions over our own short-wave stations in some thirty languages, and to deflate his lies, no matter how astronomical in size they may be, with the truth.

We have hit the enemy in a vital spot, and we have hit him hard. He has made some attempts to answer our exposures of his lies—but, as the proverb puts it, a lie has only one leg; the more a liar tries to justify himself the more hopelessly does he become involved. He has been compelled to forbid listening to our broadcasts among his own nationals and among the population of occupied countries, and to punish violations of this prohibition with death. There could be no more eloquent proof than this of the impotence of a propaganda of untruth.

It is significant that this impotence was recognized in an official German publication as early as 1936. I refer to the "Handbuch der neuzeitlichen Wehrwissenschaften" ("Handbook of Modern Military Science") published in that year under the sponsorship of the German Society for Military Politics and Military Science. The volume was edited by Major General Franke. It declares: "even the most obvious untruthfulness is readily believed by the unsuspecting masses of the population. But lies have short lives and their poisoned arrows may fall back on him who used them first. Therefore, sound propaganda, made to last, must use only statements which are based on facts, and which will increase the confidence of public opinion. . . ." Hitler would have done well to have listened to these words of warning in 1936. He put his trust instead in his principle of the big lie. Today we are shooting his poisoned arrows back at him. And the poison that he himself distilled is now working upon him.

Let me give you another example. Shortly after our entry into war Tokyo, Rome and Ber-

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lin launched by short-wave a concerted campaign against religious groups. The aim was a familiar one: to divide and conquer. On its beam to South America Tokyo stated that Protestants and Jews in the United States were banding together to exterminate Catholicism below the Rio Grande. Rome supplemented this by telling North America and Eire that the "Protestant tyrant Roosevelt" had landed troops in Northern Ireland for the purpose of wiping out Catholicism in Eire. Berlin, however, assured us that President Roosevelt was a "second Moses." Tokyo claimed that more than fifty Protestant leaders had pledged cooperation with the Japanese forces; not one of these leaders was named. Tokyo also alleged that Archbishop O'Doherty of Manila and Catholic missionaries in Hong Kong had approved the Japanese occupation of Manila. Berlin made frequent mention of its "mobile churches" for German troops in Russia. Tokyo outdid all competition in a broadcast to the Filipinos. The announcer solemnly proclaimed: "When the Japanese entered Manila, the natives said: 'The angels have come. The angels we have awaited so long have now descended.' . . . Church bells are striking, their merry notes pealing out to the land."

The divisive intention of these bare-faced lies was unmistakably clear. We at once made the facts known to the religious press and radio. With one voice,from coast to coast and from border to Gulf, the religious press and radio castigated these lies; with one voice they proclaimed the unity of Protestant, Catholic and Jew against Axis aggression; with one voice they proclaimed that religious groups were determined not to be divided, not to be conquered. The general press and radio joined in the chorus. So also did the domestic foreign-language press and the domestic foreign-language radio. Then, on our short-wave transmitters, in all the major languages of the world and even in languages and dialects comparatively little known, we reported this united defiance to Axis duplicity of the organized spiritual forces of America.

The effect was dramatic: for the moment Tokyo, Rome and Berlin dropped this attack; their sudden silence on the subject was profound.

This decisive defeat did not permanently discourage the enemy, however; it merely taught him that religious groups are not as naïve as he had imagined. Since then he has returned to the attack, not once but again and again, using methods a good deal more subtle. With the help of the organized press and radio of the country—especially that of the Catholic, Protestant and Jewish services—we have met these recurring attacks and we will continue to meet them. We cannot afford to relax. We must not forget for a moment that the enemy wants to create war between Protestant and Catholic, that he wants to turn both Protestant and Catholic against the Jew. We must remember that his grand strategy is to divide us among ourselves, and to divide us from our allies, particularly from the British and the Russians. Only by unceasing and aggressive vigilance, only by an adamant skepticism toward all appeals addressed directly or indirectly to narrow group partisanship, only by faith in the American ideal of freedom and justice and brotherhood for all shall we survive.

Ignacio Agramonte

Cuban patriot

***By* Silvia Brull**

HE WEARS spurs, high patent leather boots, a straw sombrero, this tall young man standing beside his horse, in a Cuban country lane, one sunny morning in 1869.

A figure of the past. He is twenty-eight and he stands there in the daguerreotype, looking back on a past of his own. He was born in the Cuban town of Camaguey—then Puerto-Principe—of a well-to-do and prominent colonial family. He remembers—when he was still young enough to be running round under the vigilant eye of a colored slave and learning to spell his name: Ignacio Agramonte—he remembers having heard his parents whisper about a conspiracy of Cuban patriots against Spain. And then he was ten—and one sultry morning in August shots were fired not far from his house and people ran down the street. Ignacio followed the crowd. They talked in low voices about the attempted uprising against Spain of four distinguished Camagueyan gentlemen, one of whom—Joaquín Agüero—had freed his slaves and declared independence. But now, betrayed, they lay, shot through, face down in the grass, out on this little field on the outskirts of the town. The child's horror knew no bounds, but his indignation was still greater. Kneeling by the

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corpses, he reverently plunged his handkerchief in the blood that flowed from Agüero's wounds. One day he would avenge them.

But for Ignacio, the time of action had not come. There were still many school years before him. Some in his native Camaguey, some in Spain, some in Havana where, under Luz y Caballero, the Cuban Socrates, he learned not only about Greek history but also about Cuba's right to independence.

Meanwhile, vacation time was spent in Camaguey, reading, dreaming, learning to fence, riding through country estates dotted with palm trees. And then the University of Havana where he studied law. What pleasant memories he kept of pacing up and down the galleries with his fellow students, commenting the latest news, throwing furious glances at the Spanish-minded professors; brewing the coming revolution in mind and heart.

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Discontent was growing among the Cubans. Taxes increased as personal liberty was restricted. The island was governed militarily and arbitrarily by a "Captain General." The slogan was: Everything for Spain; for Cuba nothing. No one—except his professors—was surprised at the "liberal" tone of the brilliant graduation thesis which Ignacio read in the Aula Magna before a board of examiners. "Only Justice, Truth, Reason can be the supreme laws of society. Law must have justice as a basis." . . . How dared he? He dared.

Now his vacations were spent differently. He was twenty-three, twenty-four. When he looked at himself in the mirror after shaving, he saw a dark young man with a rounded forehead, large, serene brown eyes and a small mustache. A pale, thoughtful young man with a smile that girls seemed to find most attractive. He liked their company too, the beautiful, charming women of Camaguey! When girls went out to the country in high two-wheeled *volantas,* driven by top-hatted colored lackeys, Ignacio and his friends often accompanied them. The young men let their horses prance around the carriages where the ladies have spread out their thin white muslin dresses. Other times they met at the theater or at balls and dances. Once Ignacio fought a duel with a Spanish officer who had roughly taken away a chair against which a Cuban young lady was leaning. Following the custom of the day, if the officer is not wounded, Spain wins; if it is the other way round, Cuba is triumphant. This time, both duellists were slightly touched. Both being gentlemen, they parted on the best of terms.

All this until, one day, Agramonte met the Simoni sisters, Matilde and Amalia, daughters of a well-known Camagueyan physician, who had just come home from Europe. Amalia, besides having a lovely voice, was charming, accomplished, cultured, beautiful among the beautiful with her jet-black hair and cameo-like profile. Before he knew it, Ignacio had fallen desperately in love, wooing with romantic ardor this girl who was to be the great passion of his life.

From Havana, where he had returned to practice law, he wrote dozens of letters to her. "My adored one; tell me if you remember the night we went out to look at the tall palm trees in the garden and I wrote on the bark of one of them our pledge of love: *Toujours;* if the fountain brings back memories of the happy past that is never to be erased from my heart; if you still think of me, my darling. . . . Am I asking too much? You know, Amalia, how great my love is. Yours, very much yours, eternally yours, Ignacio."

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After two years of ardent courtship—mostly by correspondence—Agramonte was transferred to his native Camaguey as a young justice of the peace, and on August 2, 1868, he married, in the church of la Soledad, his beautiful bride, Amalia Simoni. A few hours later, their happiness complete, the young couple left for a honeymoon at the girl's parents' country estate, "La Matilde."

Rumors of a revolution grew ever stronger. Spain's domination of Cuba was rapidly becoming more and more intolerable and Cuban patriots were conspiring ardently to bring about the fall of the metropolitan rule of their country. Ignacio Agramonte, as one of the foremost young Cuban leaders, had been present at a number of secret meetings and was aware of the decision taken by all the rebels on the island to start the uprisal only at the beginning of the next year—1869—when arms would have arrived from the Cuban revolutionary committees abroad.

Unexpectedly, on October 11, 1868, news came to town that the revolution had broken out in the province of Oriente where Carlos Manuel de Cespedes had proclaimed independence and had engaged the Spanish forces. Camagueyan patriots had to rally to his cause, although they judged the outbreak premature. On the threshold of "La Matilde," Ignacio, unarmed and in no uniform, kissed his bride of two months and rode off to war.

But at first his designation was a civil one; a representative of Camaguey Province at the revolutionary Assembly of Guaïmaro, where the new Rebel Government was to be formed and the first constitution written. Here it was that he met Carlos Manuel de Cespedes, the father of the revolution, whose fondest desire was to make Cuba free, but whose personal ambition also was immense. At Guaïmaro, after Cespedes was made President of the newly founded republic, he and Agramonte clashed for the first time. The President wanted dictatorial powers and maintained that in a revolution such as the Cuban one, the

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high command must be centralized. Agramonte argued that no republic based on dictatorship is worth fighting for. After further meetings, a compromise was reached. Cuba must be free.

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In April, 1869, Ignacio was appointed general of the division of Camaguey. He knew little or nothing of military tactics, but he was a born organizer and an indomitable spirit. Calmly he faced the situation. The revolution had started without unity; the forces of Camaguey had not yet contacted those of the Province of Oriente. His men had nothing; they were poorly armed. Many still wore the thin city shoes they fled with. After organizing shoe and clothes work-shops, the young General's first need was to get arms—from the United States and Nassau. When one of his officers asked him: "Tell me, General, what do you count upon, to continue the war?" Agramonte replied: "The honor of the Cubans." And when two Cuban emissaries were assassinated by the Spaniards, to his compatriots he wrote in a manifesto: "Let our cry be forever Independence or Death!"

A few days only after he had been appointed General, troops under Agramonte clashed for the first time with the Spanish. These, besides being three times as numerous, were trained and equipped and knew the countryside better than did the city Cubans. Agramonte's men lay in ambush. The Spanish advanced in two-column formation and suddenly and unexpectedly were confronted with the Cubans' fire. Three hundred men held three thousand! The Spaniards had heavy losses and the Cubans none.

Young General Agramonte knew now, by experience, that guerilla warfare was the only possible tactics in Cuba. Men in rebellion and who have taken to the fields cannot come back to town to be armed, clothed and fed. So their womenfolk, fleeing reprisal, followed their men. Many of them, used to a life of spoiled indulgence, followed the army, cooked, washed, cured the wounded.

"La Matilde" had been looted and destroyed by Spanish forces and Amalia, the General's own wife, had fled to the fields with her sister and parents. Ignacio had a little hut thatched with palm leaves built for them which he called the "Idyl." He went there himself whenever action permitted, to have one of his two white linen suits washed or to have his hair cut by his wife with embroidery scissors, or just to rest and look at Amalia and tell her that she was beautiful in a new dress she had made herself out of a sheet.

Action followed action, skirmish followed skirmish; the Cuban forces under Agramonte fought the Spaniards here, there, everywhere. Whenever they could. One afternoon, Agramonte was setting out for Nuevas Grandes to get a fresh supply of arms when a messenger arrived bearing the news that his wife had given birth to a boy. Leaving another officer in charge, Ignacio hastened to the "Idyl," but when he reached there it was midnight. Several ladies were sleeping in the hut with his wife, and, out of chivalry, not wanting to disturb them, he spent the night outside her door. At dawn, Amalia, who had heard her husband's footsteps, could wait no longer. Rousing her companions, she let Ignacio in to meet his son, the child that he will later call "his little soldier."

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Such was Agramonte's past. Now, this morning, the morning of the photograph, in November, 1869, as he stands by his horse, a proud figure in boots and spurs and straw sombrero, he muses about his future. The sky, above the sugar-cane fields, is of a glazed tropical blue. Instinctively his hand caresses the hilt of his machete. This lovely land of his ancestors *must* be free and after that, how gladly he will go back to his wife and child and to his peaceful life . . .

He doesn't know, of course, about his future. He doesn't know that very soon he's going to have trouble with Cespedes again. Deep misunderstandings about things trivial, maybe, but upon which a soul as ardent and as straight as his cannot compromise. In the first months of 1870, following a more important incident, Agramonte resigns his commission as General and this resignation is accepted. For the next year he will fight only as a simple soldier. It is going to be the hardest in the so-called "Ten Years War." Cuban forces of Camaguey that had held together only by the impulse of Agramonte's will and popularity lose their fighting power under another leader. With no real chief to follow and two terrible years behind them, the men are almost ready to give up. The wounded are dying: there is no food and little medicine, and limbs are amputated on the field with saws. Badly armed, without shoes, ravenous, in desperation, many surrender to the Spaniards. The women, too, are often trapped and taken as hostages. One day, as Ignacio is enjoying a few hours of leisure with his wife and child, a frightened boy runs up to the "Idyl" and warns the family that Spanish forces are advancing toward the hut. Agramonte rapidly mounts his horse and disappears into the bushes to explore the neighborhood. Two hours later, not having found anything, he is back. To his horror, where once stood "an abode of love" there is only a heap of steaming débris. . . . The hut has been burned down and its inhabitants taken as prisoners.

There is nothing to hold him back. More than ever it must be liberty or death. When, in January, 1871, Cespedes, forgetting past misunder-

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standings to save Cuba's cause, offers him once more the command of revolutionary troops in the Province of Camaguey, he accepts immediately. Soldiers in tattered clothes rally round their beloved young General. His first measure is a strict disciplinary one: all deserters will be court-martialed and shot. His next step is to reorganize exploring units and infantry battalions while reenforcing the cavalry. Camagueyans are born riders. Agramonte has soon noticed their superiority over the Spaniards when on horseback, and he makes the light cavalry one of his strongest assets. Time for action has come. The Cubans meet and fight victoriously the Governmental forces at la Uretania, Junicú, El Asiento, San Mateo . . . once more it is here, there, everywhere.

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The young "guerillero" has become a dangerous foe. The Spaniards call him "that ringleader, Agramonte," and are alarmed at his bravery, knowing how their men fear the dauntless rider who leads with such temerity the rebel forces. He is invincible. Even death seems to spare him. To his wife, who has managed to escape with their son to New York where a second child is born to them, he writes: "Don't be alarmed, my love, if you read in the Spanish papers that I have been killed. You know how they lie. I haven't even been wounded and never felt better." So writes the man who, in peace time, liked to stay home at nights and read Rousseau while his young wife sang to him an aria from "Faust."

On October 7, 1871, the soldiers are resting from day-before's strife and all is calm in Agramonte's camp when a messenger arrives at the General's tent. The news is bad. "Brigadier General Sanguily has been made prisoner by the Spaniards." Sanguily, besides being a valiant officer, is one of Agramonte's closest friends. Losing no time, the General orders a small detachment of thirty-five cavalrymen to follow him. When they are within a few yards of the enemy, he gives them the command to halt. His voice shakes but his eyes are like fire: "In that column yonder, comrades, Brigadier General Sanguily is a prisoner. We are going to get him dead or alive; dead or alive, you hear me? . . . Bugler, sound the charge." Forward, forward, forward the Cubans plunge. The attack has been so unexpected and abrupt that the Spaniards' fire hardly touches them. Sanguily himself, though wounded in the hand, waves his sombrero and yells *"Viva Cuba Libre,"* until in a last fierce charge his compatriots liberate him and flee with their prey.

But death, after having disdained him for so long, now wants for her own this brilliant general of thirty-two, at the height of his glory and of his popularity.

On May 11, 1873, the enemy attacks the Cuban forces at Jimaguayú. Having given his orders, Agramonte observes the action from the left wing. When he sees his cavalry about to charge on the right he cannot keep himself from galloping across the field to take his position among the riders. The grass is so high that he has not seen the Spaniards hidden in it. Half way up the field they stop the gallant rider who fights desperately and is about to make his way through, when a lone bullet, at random, strikes him in the head.

The Spaniards never recognize him and he lies there, dead on the field, until the next day when papers found in his pockets by a soldier reveal his identity. The news flies to Camaguey. "Agramonte, the 'guerillero,' the ringleader, is dead." Spanish families of the town deck the streets with gold and red flags and scream "Long live Spain" as Agramonte's body is brought in, tied on a mule's back, and later lies in state for all to see, at San Juan de Dios hospital. That very afternoon his body is cremated and the ashes, thrown to the winds, scatter over the town.

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Of all this, the Agramonte of the photograph had no idea that sunny morning in 1869. He did not know that, although it would be thirty more years before the flag of free Cuba waved over the island, like a legendary hero, like a knight of old, he was writing a golden page in the history of our hemisphere; that in our own troubled days of war we would look toward him as we look toward the brighter stars in the sky of our Americas, those of the other heroes who have made our continent free. He didn't know that he was stepping into the glory of Washington, of Bolivar, of Sucre . . . this tall, dark, chivalrous young man who in 1943 would have worn wings, not spurs.

Communications

ECONOMIC INJUSTICE IN QUEBEC

Montreal, P. Q.

TO the Editors: There have been several letters in THE COMMONWEAL commenting on Mr. Burton Le Doux's article about what he terms economic injustice in Quebec (April 9). None of the comment, however, seems to have touched on what is the main consideration—the factual basis of his assertions.

Being familiar with the Canadian textile industry, I judge his article on that basis, and must admit that I find in it more fervor than fact. He speaks of workers in certain mills having to wait long hours in snow or rain for their pay; textile workers in the mills of Dominion Textile and Montreal Cottons—to which he refers—are paid in their own departments in the mills by traveling pay squads. He claims they are given a slip showing only the date and amount of pay; actually they are provided with

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printed forms showing hours worked, standard rates, overtime worked, overtime rates, cost-of-living bonus, wage adjustments upward for those who have not earned the legal basic wage, gross earnings, deductions for taxes, war savings, unemployment insurance.

His figures on wages—especially the $12.00 for fifteen days' work—are far wide of the truth. Quebec's minimum wage laws demand that women over 18 get at least 25 cents per hour, and males over 18 get 35 cents per hour. On top of this there is, of course, a cost of living bonus and time and a half for overtime. And there are few workers in the textile mills who get paid the minimum wages today. In Dominion Textile mills, for example, the average employee is paid 34.3 percent more than the minimum prescribed by law.

The picture of oppressed wage slaves might have had some slightly greater foundation twenty or thirty years ago, but hardly holds true today. Progressive steps have been taken and it is only justice to acknowledge them. These corrections are indicative of the true picture today.

It would hardly be fair to attack Mr. LeDoux himself; it is, however, permissible to challenge the source of his information. He has apparently drawn a great deal of it from the speechifying of Mr. Maxime Raymond in Parliament. Mr. Raymond is a politician who must garner votes. Moreover, as in your Congress, his speeches in the House of Commons are not subject to the ordinary laws of libel or slander. The story about textile workers standing in the snow and rain was probably one of his most successful political creations.

As to the general theme of the article, the suggestion that English business men are dominating Quebec French, one gets carried into economics for the answer. No one has yet accused Canadian business men of being sentimental about profits, and since profits depend upon the purchasing power of the population, it is difficult to see why any sane capitalist should want to depress the earnings of Quebec, Canada's greatest and second most concentrated market. Admitted that the business world includes a few selfish persons who will sacrifice the general interest to their own, it is inconceivable that all industry is bent on this program of self-destruction.

The textile industry, like so many others in Canada, is taking increasing interest in its employees. That is why one finds attention being paid to health standards in the mills, accident prevention and hospitalization on the premises, health restaurants where wholesome meals are served below cost, special training courses for overseers with instructive French-language talking pictures, textile study courses for any employee interested in advancing himself, support by companies of textile workers' technical associations, the operation of workers councils in mills and sane, level-headed negotiations with unions.

I don't set myself up as a shield for what is known as "big business" and would certainly hate to have to answer for the misdemeanors carried out under the banner of the profit motive by a few thoughtless individuals in the ranks of industry, but it is at least fair to study this question in the light of facts. To do otherwise is to cater to the policies of the radical element among economic thinkers who openly admit that for their propaganda purpose the end justifies the means.

COLIN R. HAWORTH,
Johnston, Everson & Charlesworth.

Assumption College,
Windsor, Ont.

TO the Editors: There seem to be a few points that belong in the field of elementary economics about which Mr. LeDoux in his recent polemics on economic injustice in Quebec does not seem to be particularly clear. For an explanation of the causes of the differential wage scale existing between Canada and the United States, he might find Professor Logan's paper on "Labor in Canadian-American Relations" (written some years ago for the Carnegie Foundation) enlightening. The same general reasons may be assigned for the difference between the wages of Ontario and those of Quebec. It is to be observed that language and cultural obstacles impose considerable geographic immobility on labor between the two provinces (aside from the notorious economic factors familiar to any elementary student in economics).

Perhaps Mr. LeDoux's knowledge of Canadian problems does not extend to the point of familiarity with the famous claim of the other provinces that Ontario *and Quebec* reaped the maximum gains from Confederation. Wages are generally high, and protected in Ontario *and Quebec* in times of depression (for those employed, of course) as opposed to the behavior of the incomes of the primary producers. . . .

Dominion Government statistics are available to everyone. The 1938 figures (per Canada Year Book, 1941) show Quebec with an average annual wage of $964.00; Ontario with an average annual wage of $1,105! Hours per week in the same year were 46.7 for Ontario, 48.5 for Quebec. Do those figures indicate the horrible picture of "exploitation" which Mr. Ledoux paints? Recent figures indicate that the average weekly wage paid in Montreal is close to the high Windsor (Ontario) figure and above that of many Ontario cities (see Monthly Review of Business Statistics of the Dominion Bureau of Statistics).

Mr. LeDoux could make his case much better if he would cite exact chapter and verse for all his accusations and contentions.

G. R. HORNE.

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editors: I see no reason to modify any of the statements in my article of April 9. In so far as the section on Montreal Cottons-Dominion Textiles is concerned, I based my writing on a report made to Parliament by a Royal Commission appointed to investigate this situation, on analyses set forth in Parliament by Maxime Raymond year after year, and on my own observations. Under the impetus of Raymond's denunciations (confirmed in principle by the Royal Commission Report in 1938), and caught in the swish of the New Deal drifting across the border, the directors of the textile monopoly in Canada have, in the very last few years, instituted *minor* reforms in some of their mills. These I regard as inade-

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quate to meet present-day conditions, let alone to rectify the original abuses.

Quebec's minimum wage law is honored in the breach throughout the province by industrialists. On May 4 *this year* a French Canadian deputy to Parliament, J. H. Leclerc, exposed the work and wage conditions in the district he represented. He showed that many workers receive a salary varying from $4.35 to $9.41 per week. Others are paid at the rate of 20 cents an hour for a sixty-hour week. Undeniable documentary evidence was presented in the form of the pay envelopes of the workers concerned. The Federal Cabinet maintained a stony silence after listening to these charges.

Mr. Haworth's excursion into economics is unfortunate. He does not explain why workmen the world over have been compelled to organize and to fight their way through bloody battles and revolution in order to obtain the bare subsistence allowed them by "sane" capitalists sitting in the seats of the mighty.

Professor Horne reveals the weakness of his position by labeling my article "polemics," by questioning my knowledge of "elementary economics," and by suspecting my familiarity with Canadian problems. These are denigrations which do not answer the questions at hand. Since reading my article, Professor Horne has had full opportunity to learn more about the shameful operations of the aluminum monopoly in Quebec; the halls of Parliament have resounded with the unsavory details surrounding these.

The statistics quoted from the Canada Year Book do not refute the points brought out in my article. These averages include British Canadian workers in Quebec, and French workers in Ontario; they are gross averages based on a geographical division; they obscure the racial issue in Canada with which my article dealt.

Professor Logan's paper is based on a medley of assumptions, premises and attitudes, many of which I reject. I question the validity of his statistical manipulations. Here again no distinction is made between the French and the British Canadian worker. Professor Logan makes no mention whatsoever of the aluminum industry in Quebec, and precious little of the textile industry. The aluminum monopoly pays its workmen not much more than half the wage it pays to its American workmen because of the greed, and the greed alone, of its directors, because it can get away with it through the collaboration of the ruling politicians, not because of vague theories of "geographic immobility," etc.

I shall be very glad to send Professor Horne "chapter and verse" substantiating any detail in my article.

BURTON LEDOUX.

The Screen

Look Away Look Away

THE WAR-TIME argument between those who say we should have more escapist films and those who insist that every picture should show at least an awareness of the dire world conditions continues at a high pitch. I, for one, should prefer a well-balanced diet with more

"A kind of blood transfusion—"
says Reviewer in New York Times

The Diocese of Hippo in North Africa, over which Saint Augustine presided as the most illustrious Bishop of a remote antiquity, is today the scene of a victory won by the civilization in which he believed over the forces of paganism that, in his day as in our own, raged over the Mediterranean and humbled the city of Rome herself.

By a miracle of coincidence this translation of St. Augustine's immortal "confessions" **(and it is a good translation)** appears at the very moment when all that he stood for—a Kingdom of God upon earth in which the peoples of the world might dwell together in peace and security—is again the glorious prospect for which more millions of men and women than ever before are willing to live and to die. Reading these pages that overflow with exultant fortitudes one might suppose that St. Augustine was a man of our day.

With the Vandals at the gates of his Carthage —today we call it Tunisia—what was it that this great man sought above all things else? A personal absorption in that eternal and universal mind which he called his God, a presence around him on every side to which the spirit within him responded as the waves of the sea and the leaves of trees are moved by the breezes that pass over them. . . .

With the Roman Empire as a whole **crumbling and collapsing into chaos,** St. Augustine, like St. John the Divine on the Island of Patmos, worshipped within himself as a shrine and gazed forth into a future that, incredible as it would have seemed to his contemporaries, was fulfilled in the grandeurs of the middle ages—cathedrals like Rheims, paintings like the Italian Madonnas, the poetry of Dante and Chaucer, and the full flowering of the Renaissance.

This book is not difficult to read. It deals with those elemental simplicities which are the stuff of experience itself. To describe it as theology would be to define Shakespeare's "Othello" as a textbook of English grammar.

For this literature is a kind of blood transfusion—**life poured into other lives that they may live**—life not of a period alone; the essential life in man that is the same—to quote a phrase otherwise applied—yesterday, today and forever.

P. W. Wilson, reviewing in the N. Y. TIMES, THE CONFESSIONS OF ST. AUGUSTINE, A New Translation, by F. J. Sheed, **$3.00**

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emphasis on good, meaty war-related films. But the answer rests ultimately with the cinema-goer who puts up his money at the box-office, because Hollywood is going to pay most attention to him. In any case here are three new items of the escapist variety. The customer can always take 'em or leave 'em.

"Dixie," as might be expected, goes 'way back to before the Civil War. It is a lot of pretty, technicolored fluff and carefully avoids any discussion of social consciousness—unless we are to understand that it means to censure the high-toned New Orleans society which objects to black-faced minstrels performing in their opera house. These snobs are won over, of course, and rise in applause after Bing Crosby sings the freshly-written song which gives the film its title. Negroes appear as a group in only one scene and they are the usual Hollywood crooning-darkies; they sing "Swing Low Sweet Chariot," which proves to be quite a number when Bing leads them in the swinging. The film's lifeless plot (only sketchily based on the true facts concerning the author of "Dixie") is about a rather lazy fellow named Dan Emmett who wants to be an actor and composer. Crosby plays Emmett with his usual charm and good voice. There's a suggestion of a love story when strong-willed Dorothy Lamour (very pretty even in hoop skirts) tries to win Bing from his wife (played by lovely Marjorie Reynolds as a paralytic with no sense of competition). The main theme covers the rise of minstrel shows but neither the action nor décor gives us real historical insight. Billy de Wolfe, Lynne Overman, Eddie Foy, Jr., and Raymond Walburn assist Bing in starting these burnt-cork shows. None of these people stand out as characters unless it is De Wolfe whose Mr. Bones is a thoroughly unscrupulous, roguishly cute sort of crook whom, for some reason, we are supposed to like. Director A. Edward Sutherland tried to pep up the puerile story with some entertaining production numbers. He was only mildly successful. The score, instead of using more of Dan Emmett's well known songs, leans heavily on modern items that are completely out of period. The film's big moment, of course, is Bing's singing "Dixie." Even in a fantastically unreal scene, this swell song brings a lump to your throat. I suppose from now on, however, our movie-educated people (who think Don Ameche invented the telephone) will credit Bing Crosby with writing "Dixie."

"Coney Island" also looks at the past through technicolor lenses. It sees this famous playland, at the turn of the century, not as the overcrowded beach and boardwalk that our modern artists love to paint, but as a series of colorful side shows and plush drinking and entertainment places. And it sees mostly a lot of Betty Grable who is quite an eyeful in the gay costumes that Fox's wardrobe department thought up. The costumes and the well-staged production numbers are a little more lavish than either Coney Island or the early 1900's ever enjoyed, but we have become so accustomed to Hollywood's extravagances that the real thing would appear drab—even in technicolor. Most of the film's dance sequences are on the suggestive side and rather limit the picture to adult audiences. While four of the songs are modern and hardly in the spirit of the period, they are quite tuneful, and Miss Grable puts them over effectively. There is also a good sprinkling of old timers like: "Cuddle Up a Little Closer," "Pretty Baby" and "Who Threw the Overalls in Mrs. Murphy's Chowder?" Charles Winninger sings the latter with gusto. The film's plot follows that rather trite triangular formula about the two boys who indulge in cheerful competition and cheat each other continuously in business and for the girl. Cesar Romero turns out to be the good-hearted loser, while more handsome George Montgomery finally wins the Grable. This story doesn't bear close scrutiny, but Director Walter Lang didn't intend his film to be anything more than a frolic in gaudy escapism.

"Hit the Ice" is just the kind of cool nonsense that is welcome in this hot weather. Unlike the other escapist films reviewed this week, it takes place in the present, but like them it has practically no relation to reality or life as we live it. This is an Abbott and Costello comedy and it is full of their usual high-spirited and wacky burlesque, puns and slapstick. The plot, in case anyone cares in these Abbott and Costello pipe dreams, relates how our heroes track down three bank robbers. The action takes them from a big city where Bud and Lou are photographers (so there can be a silly mixup of puns in shooting pictures and shooting cops) to the snowy slopes of Sun Valley where chubby, cherubic Costello can do all kinds of things on and off skates and skis. For those who don't want to see Abbott and Costello in every scene (most of their numerous fans never really get enough of them), there are musical numbers in which Ginny Simms sings several swell new songs played by Johnny Long and his orchestra. Director Charles Lamont and practically everyone connected with this film was smart enough not to take himself too seriously. The comedians' stunts are not exactly new, but most of them are still legitimate fun; and the cross country chase on skis has some first rate satire. I wonder if Costello's marked resemblance to Mayor LaGuardia inspired that mad fire scene. PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

Editors' Choice

MOTHER RUSSIA. *Maurice Hindus. Doubleday.* $3.50.

ROUGHLY SPEAKING. *Louise Randall Pierson. Simon and Schuster.* $2.50.

Production as an End

NOW THAT Russia is our ally and any realistic view of the postwar world calls without question for continued Russo-American collaboration, our approach to the Soviets must undergo a change. No doubt it is high time we viewed with greater sympathy the vast revolutionary experiment of a great determined people. Does this mean that we should welcome propaganda? Should we subject ourselves to generous doses of Anna Louise Strong, Rhys Williams, the Red Dean of Canterbury, the Webbs in their latter years—or the more restrained Maurice Hindus? How much point is there in delving into such mélanges of fact and fiction?

Mr. Hindus prides himself on having spent his Russian research days among the workers and the peasants. He has imbibed their stories and maintains that he is thoroughly familiar with their aspirations. Not for him the

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masters of the Kremlin, the generals, the district governors. At best Maurice Hindus is an ardent believer in the current Russian Soviet idea; at worst he is a most clever apologist. So that from his latest book you get the leading arguments as to the case for Stalinism.

It would be footless to take them one by one and to see how much they offset the overwhelmingly hostile convictions of everyone who has tried to do business with Stalinists in this and other countries. But part of "Mother Russia" is devoted to a vision which had begun to be realized when the war started. That vision is more than worthy of analysis. And be it said here that the author makes it plain that religion has no part in it, in the minds of the Soviet leaders, the younger workers, or of Mr. Hindus himself.

He takes as its embodiment the model textile factory of Trekhgorka. One aspect is the harshness of the discipline. What would an American worker think if he were daily faced with the prospect of being docked from 15 to 25 per cent of his pay for four months or more the first time he is, without good excuse, over twenty minutes late? Nor would he like any better the speed-up fostered by his union and continually prodded by "socialist competition." However, none of these things are for the personal enrichment of anyone; the workers feel that the profits they make possible enable the government to build more factories and thereby raise living standards generally. Unions do not go in for collective bargaining; they take orders and the factory manager—who frequently is not the highest paid hand about the place—is often a union member. The formula, "labor and management are partners, real partners," is, however, one we should deeply ponder over here in our democracy.

Counterbalancing this severity in production is the paternalism manifested by the factory. At this model textile plant, modern company tenements house three-fifths of the 5,000 employees. The factory conducts its own food shops and restaurants, provides free medical service and dental care, operates nursery, kindergarten and summer camps for the workers' children, maintains a number of portable libraries and a comfortable clubhouse for social and cultural gatherings, has its own trade school and technical courses, vacation camps, etc. The union is in charge of the factory's educational and recreational program, which includes first-rate theaters, a number of athletic teams of both sexes and among the best choirs in Russia. Significantly enough the Pioneer (youth) home was formerly a church. All in all, as Mr. Hindus puts it, "there is scarcely a social need of the individual or the family that is not in some measure met by the factory . . . all their hopes and ambitions were molded and galvanized by the factory" which supplied the "never-failing promise of ultimate and irrevocable reward."

Many of these things should be a challenge to America. That has been apparent from the first day that right and left dictatorships set up workers' health, educational and recreational facilities and guaranteed annual vacations with pay. The dictators have found that these constitute the surest means of providing consistent and efficient production. Yesterday Russia was engaged in a nationwide struggle to build up defensive armaments and if possible the very requisites of life; today she is caught up in a national fervor to repel and smash the world's most ruthless invader. The Russians are a wonderful people and thus far, despite the millions of innocent lives snuffed out in the process, their system appears to have accomplished

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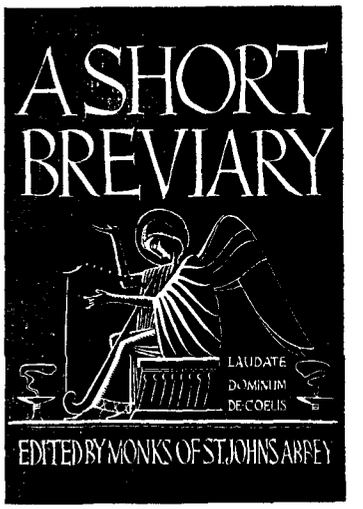

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much. There is something truly pathetic, though, in the opinion cited by the author that after the war is won and the battle of production has been mastered "eventually the conflict between self-interest and social good would vanish." Here is an echo of the Marxist doctrine that once the proletariat has seized power and provided plenty for all, the state will "wither away."

Yet in the light of all the evidence Russia today seems to be a land of hope. It has made real strides toward social justice despite its ruthless methods. In a quarter century of struggle for survival in a hostile world it has been faced with far different problems than we—in fact the very reverse of "overproduction" and unemployment. The great vitality of the Russian people has stood a hundred tests. And despite the contrasting character of our respective problems Americans have much to learn from Soviet achievements in factory, mixed collective farm and popularized culture.

Quite Rough

MRS. PIERSON'S autobiography, "Roughly Speaking," is a gusty book. It seems impossible that anyone could read it without being interested, moved, amused. But not amused constantly. There is too much to this book. It should have been compressed, if not actually cut—a criticism rarely applicable to volumes which have been ground through the editorial mill of the Inner Sanctum.

The author was born in Quincy, Massachusetts. Evidently the strong New England character ran in her family and continues to run in her. It runs so hard that sometimes its sheer energy and exuberance become a little breath-taking for readers of a less wiry lineage. But after all it is foolish to quarrel with the character a person inherits from her family and her environment. Mrs. Pierson went through plenty of tough times, and she always comes up bloody but unbowed. Perhaps this strength was what wore out her first husband. But her second, though his origin was less-strenuous Westchester, was a bird of the same feather as his spouse.

They are fine people, all of them, and very American. Such people used to find release for their dammed-up power by dashing around the frontier with squirrel guns and coonskin hats. Now they take a depression for their frontier, and take it in their stride. They are noble, and you can't help having a sneaking admiration for their resiliency. No rubber shortage as long as there are Piersons.

All of this does little to convey what "Roughly Speaking" is all about. It is the autobiography of an American woman, and the story of how she always lands on her feet—but usually in the most difficult way possible. For summer reading it may be recommended to those who know and love and are amused at this sub-species of the *genus homo Americanus.*

More Books of the Week

Combined Operations. The Official Story of the Commandos. Macmillan. $2.00.

WE HEAR much about the training received by the commando troops. In its intensity and specialization it surpasses that of any other units, and the accounts of the various operations described in this book show why it must do so. The men are on their own, or in small groups, with assignments upon which the fulfillment of the total objective depends. They must think for themselves and take extraordinary risks.

It is unfortunate that the importance of the information acquired and experience gained in each operation cannot be explained. We shall have to wait until the war is over for that. Yet one thing is clear. The growing size, intensity, and importance of the raids, from the first few on the coast of Europe immediately after France fell, then Norway, Madagascar, St. Nazaire, Dieppe, leading up to the invasion of North Africa is clearly not a matter of chance or even exclusively of increasing strength. Each depends upon things learned on previous raids and each makes possible the bigger one to follow.

It is easy to understand, as one reads this book, why the term "Combined Operations" is applied. In the eighteenth century they were known as "conjunct expeditions," and they were not new then by any means. But they are far more complicated today and need to be more precise than ever. For they have become three dimensional. They cannot be carried on at all without the cooperation of fast moving airplanes.

The book is a record of achievement and of extraordinary heroism. It convinces the reader that the great raid on Europe can and will be accomplished.

WILLIAM AGAR.

Kate Fennigate. Booth Tarkington, Doubleday. $2.50.

MR. TARKINGTON'S story of a heroine whom he describes on the first page as "remarkable" gives us a characteristic novel of his Middle West, this time between the two world wars. It is a novel of "only yesterday," but restrained in its period furnishings and free from the condescension recently bestowed on these decades.

Round Kate Fennigate, girl and woman, we find a varied group of personalities. Kate herself is mixed enough to be thoroughly interesting—like Maggie Shane, uncannily wise; unlike her, not blessed with the humor, the charm, and the subtlety to conceal her managing ways. At the end, however, she seems saved for happy years ahead from such a tyrannous rightness as Aunt Daisy's. Kate makes Mr. Tarkington's point in some of his characterization when she says, "Nature seems to make her points by setting up exaggerated examples. . . . Aunt Daisy was one of those extreme cases we find anything but rare if we're interested in what people are made of." Equally exaggerated is Laila Speer, who is responsible for most of the dramatic complication in the swift-moving latter half of the novel. From beginning to end, the conflict between Laila's malevolent magnetism and the long-suffering decency of her victims is good story.

Probably overnervous is the publishers' suggestion on the jacket that this is "a novel to be viewed with alarm" because "what women . . . can do *for* men and *to* men is the underlying theme." We need not quarrel with the demonstrations of what their women do for and to Malcolm Fennigate, Ames Lanning, Tuke Speer and Stuart Miley; but the reading of such heavy import into the story seems an injustice to both Mr. Tarkington and his men, whom the thesis oversimplifies and disparages.

Rather, what may need to be viewed with alarm in the novelist's skillful, fair-minded reporting—no misogynist, he—is the relative emptiness of the lives and the homes he pictures.

OLIVE B. WHITE.

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The Inner Forum

The Church Among the Indians

IN THE long and bloody record of the white man's bungling of the Indian problem in America it is comforting to note that the Catholic Church has been an exception, by and large, to the unfortunate rule. For the most part Catholic missionaries have not tried either to defraud, exploit or westernize the Indian, but only to convert him to the Christian faith. The results have been correspondingly good. Out of a population of about 360,000 American Indians and Eskimos approximately 100,000 are Catholics, the bulk of the remainder being still pagans.

It is amusing to read, for example, of the early years of St. Mary's Mission School at Bad River Reservation, Wisconsin, now attended by 190 Catholic Chippewa children, which has just celebrated its sixtieth anniversary. Erected by a pioneer Franciscan, Father John Gafron, with the help of a little band of Catholic Chippewas in the Indian village of Odanah amid the primeval forests of northern Wisconsin, the school was at first no more than a log cabin. Two Franciscan Sisters taught the first classes, but though it was one thing to get the little Indians into school, it was another and much more difficult thing to keep them there. The story is that when the Sisters dismissed the children for the first recess, they all ran off into the forest, and when one of the Sisters called after them, "they heeded not nor heard her, for their thoughts were with the red deer."

In 1874 the Catholic hierarchy of America founded the Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions, which now has its headquarters at 2021 H Street, N.W., Washington, D. C., and publishes its own magazine, the *Indian Sentinel*. Present personnel of the missions includes 198 priests, 541 sisters, 76 scholastics and lay brothers, 29 lay teachers and 150 Indian catechists. There are 338 mission chapels and 68 schools, which look after the needs of nearly 7,000 children, but this number represents only one-third of the total number of Catholic Indian children. The rest either attend public schools or no schools at all.

Catholic Indian Missions are found in Alaska and nearly every western state, plus also Maine, New York, Louisiana and Mississippi. The two most active orders in this field appear to be the Franciscans and the Jesuits.

The main problem in training missionaries is the language difficulty. For example, Rev. Norman Donohue, S.J., writes from Alaska that he is having difficulty in learning how to pronounce "I saw" in Innuit so that it won't sound like "I've been drinking whiskey."

CONTRIBUTORS

Jacques MARITAIN, in addition to "Education at the Crossroads," from which this article is an excerpt, has just published "The Rights of Man and the Natural Law" and "Twilight of Civilization."

Liam O'CONNOR is special assistant to the Director of Domestic Operations, Office of War Information.

Silvia BRULL is the daughter of the counsellor at the Cuban Embassy, Washington, D. C.

William AGAR is acting president of Freedom House in New York.

Olive B. WHITE is the author of "The King's Good Servant." She reviews fiction for THE COMMONWEAL from time to time.

Dr. William L. Stidger
of the Boston University School of Theology
has used as inspiration for a sermon and for a radio talk

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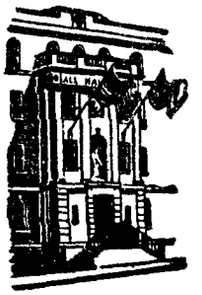
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Winona, Minnesota. For the Higher Education of Catholic Women. Holds membership in the North Central Association of Colleges. Accredited by the Association of American Universities. Registered for Teacher's License by New York Board of Regents. Degrees of Bachelor of Arts, Bachelor of Science, Bachelor of Science in Nursing. A standardized Conservatory of Music is maintained in connection with the college. Picturesquely located on the upper Mississippi. One hundred acre campus. Served by the "Zephyr," "Hiawatha," "The 400." Only five hours ride from Chicago. Address the Secretary.

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